FROM NEW-YORK TO NINEVEH.

XXII.

PHILÆ AND THE CATARACT—THE NUBIAN NILE.

Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NEAR KOROSKO, NUBIA, Friday, Dec. 19, 1851.

We had scarcely moored our vessel beside the beach at Assouan, before a messenger of the Governor arrived, to ask if there was an American on board. He received the information, and we were occupied in preparing ourselves for an excursion to the island of Elephantine, when Achmet called to us: "The Governor is coming." We had no time to arrange our cabin for his reception; he was already at the door, with two attendants, and the most I could do was to clear sufficient space for a seat on my divan. His Excellency was a short, stout, broad-faced man, with large eyes, a gray beard and a flat nose. He wore a semi-European dress of brown cloth, and was blunt though cordial in his manners. His attendants, one of whom was the Captain of the Cataract, wore the Egyptian dress, with black turbans. They saluted us by touching their hands to the lips and forehead, and we responded in similar manner, after which the Governor inquired after our health and we inquired after his. I delivered my letter, and while he was occupied with reading it, Achmet prepared the coffee and pipes. Luckily, we had three chibouks, the best of which, having an amber mouth-piece, was presented to the Governor. I waited for the coffee with some trepidation, for I knew we had but two Turkish *finjans*, and a Frank cup was out of the question. However, Achmet was a skillful servant. He presented the cups at such intervals that one was sure to be empty while the other was full, and artfully drew away the attention of our guests by his ceremonious presentations; so that not only they but both of us partook twice of coffee, without the least embarrassment, and I believe, had there been ten persons instead of five, he would have given the two cups the effect of ten.

After the Governor had expressed his pleasure in flowing Oriental phrases, and promised to engage me a boat for Korosko, he took his leave and we crossed in a ferry barge to Elephantine. This is a small but fertile island, whose granite foundations are fast anchored in the Nile. It once was covered with extensive ruins, but they have all been destroyed except a single gateway and an altar to Amun, both of red granite, and a sitting statue of marble. The southern part is entirely covered with ruins of a village of unburned brick, from the topmost piles of which we enjoyed a fine view of the picturesque environs of Assouan. The bed of the Nile, to the south, was broken with isles of dark-red granite rock, which formation was also seen in the jagged crests of the mountains beyond the city. Scattered over them were the tombs of holy men, dating from the times of the Saracens. On the northern point of the mountain on the west bank, which was faced with pyramidal drifts of yellow sand, stood a ruined fortress of the Mamelukes. A thin palm-grove somewhat concealed the barren aspect of the city, but our glances passed it, to rest on the distant hills, kindling in the setting sun.

The island is inhabited by Nubians, and some twenty or thirty children, of from six to ten years of age—the boys entirely naked, the girls wearing a narrow leathern girdle around the loins—surrounded us, crying "*backshish!*" and offering bits of agate, coins and fragments of pottery, for sale. Some of them had cunning but none of them intelligent faces, and their large black eyes had an astonishing precocious expression of sensuality. We bought a few trifles and tried to dismiss them, but their numbers increased so that by the time we had made the tour of the island we had a retinue of fifty followers. I took the branches of henna they offered me and switched the most impudent of them, but they seemed then to consider that they had a rightful claim to the backshish, and were more importunate than ever. As we left, they gathered on the shore and sang us a farewell chorus, but a few five para pieces, thrown among them, changed the harmony into a scramble and a fight, in which occupation these lovely children of Nature were engaged when we last saw them.

The next day we visited Philæ. We took donkeys and a guide and rode through the dismal valleys of Saracenic tombs south of the town, into a pass leading through the granite hills. The landscape was wintry in its bleakness and ruggedness. The path over which we rode was hard sand and gravel, and on both sides the dark rocks were piled in a thousand wonderful combinations. On the surface there is no appearance of regular strata, but rather of some terrible convulsion, which has broken the immense masses and thrown them confusedly together. After three or four miles of this travel the pass opened upon the Nile, just above the Cataract. At the termination of the portage is a Nubian village, whose plantations of dome and date palms and acacias are dazzling in their greenness, from contrast with the bleak pyramids of rock and the tawny drifts of the Lybian sands on the western bank. We rode down to the port, where a dozen trading-vessels lay at anchor, and took a large boat for Philæ. The Governor of Assouan and a French engineer in the service of the Pasha were there, and His Excellency showed me the vessel he had engaged for Korosko—a small and rather old *dahabiyeh*, but the best to be had. The price was 150 piasters for the trip—about 120 miles—beside something for the men. Achmet attributed this moderate demand to the effect of a timely present, which had been delicately conveyed into the Governor's hands the night before.

As the wind carried us out into the stream, we saw the towers of the temple of Isis, on Philæ, through a savage gorge of the river. The enormous masses of dark granite were piled on either side to a hight of several hundred feet, taking in some places the forms of monoliths and sitting colossi, one of which appeared so lightly balanced on the loose summit that a strong gale might topple it down the steep. The current in the narrow channel was so violent that we could make no headway, but a Nubian boy, swimming on a palm-log, carried a rope to the shore and we were at length towed with much labor into the more tranquil basin girdling Philæ. The four lofty towers of the two pylons, the side corridor of pillars and the exterior walls of the temple seem perfectly preserved, on approaching the island, the green turf of whose banks and the grouping of its palms quite conceal the ruins of a miserable mud village which surrounds the structures. Philæ is the jewel of the Nile, but these ruins are an unsightly blotch, which takes away half its luster. The setting is nevertheless perfect. The basin of black, jagged mountains, folding on all sides, yet half-disclosing the avenues to Egypt and Nubia; the hem of emerald turf at their feet, sprinkled with clusters of palm, and here and there the pillar or wall of a temple; the ring of the bright river, no longer turbid as in Lower Egypt: of these it is the center, as it was once the radiant focus of their beauty.

The temple, which belongs to the era of the Ptolemies, and is little more than two thousand years old, was built by various monarchs and is very irregular in its plan. Instead of preserving a fixed direction, it follows the curve of the island, and its various corridors and pylons have been added to each other with so little regard to proportion, that the building is much more agreeable when viewed as a collection of detached parts, than as a whole. From its locality, it has suffered comparatively little from the ravages of man, and might be restored to almost its original condition. The mud which Coptic Christians plastered over the walls of its sanctuaries have concealed but not defaced their richly-colored sculptures, and the palm-leaf and lotus capitals of its portico, retain the first brilliancy of their green and blue tints. The double corridor of thirty-six columns, in front of the temple, reaching to the southern end of the island, has never been finished, some of the capitals last erected being without sculptures, and others exhibiting various stages of completion. In Egypt one so accustoms himself to looking back four thousand years, that Philæ seems but of yesterday. The Gothic Cathedrals of the Middle Ages are like antediluvian remains, compared with its apparent newness and freshness.

We examined the interior chambers with the aid of a light, and I also explored several secret passages, inclosed in the thickness of the walls. The sculptures are raised on the face of the stone, and painted in light and brilliant colors. They represent Isis and Osiris, with their offspring, the god Horus, which three constituted the Trinity worshipped in Philæ. In one place Isis is seen giving suck to the infant god—a group which bore a singular resemblance to some painting I have seen of the Virgin and Child. The Gods are here painted of a fair, Greek complexion, and not, as in the oldest tombs and temples, of a light red. Their profiles are symmetrical and even beautiful, and the emblems by which they are surrounded, are drawn and colored in admirable taste. Those friends of the African Race, who point to Egypt as a proof of what that race has accomplished, are wholly mistaken. The only Negro features represented in Egyptian sculpture are those of slaves and captives taken in the Ethiopian wars of the Pharoahs. The temples and pyramids throughout Nubia, as far as the frontiers of Dar-Fur and Abyssinia, all bear the hieroglyphs of these monarchs, and there is no evidence in all the valley of the Nile that the Negro Race ever attained a higher degree of civilization than is at present exhibited in Congo and Ashantee. I mention this, not from any feeling hostile to that race, but simply to controvert an opinion very prevalent in some parts of the United States.

East of the great temple is a square, open building, whose four sides are rows of columns, supporting an architrave, and united to about half their hight, by screens of stone. The capitals are all of different design, yet exhibit the same exquisite harmony which so charmed us in Hermontis and Esneh. The screens and pillars were evidently intended to have been covered with sculpture, and a roof of sandstone blocks was to have been added, which would have made the structure as perfect as it is unique. The square block, or abacus, interposed between the capital and architrave, is even higher than in the pillars of Hermontis, and I was equally puzzled whether to call it a grace or a defect. There was one thing, however, which certainly did give a grace to the building, and that was our breakfast, which we ate on a block large enough to have made an altar for the Theban Jupiter, surrounded by a crowd of silent Arabs. They contemplated the ruins of our cold fowls with no less interest than we those of the temples of Philæ.

Before returning, we crossed to the island of Biggeh, where two pillars of a temple to Athor stand sentry before the door of a mud hut, and a red granite colossus is lucky in having no head, since it is spared the sight of such desecration. The children of Biggeh fairly drove us away with the cries of "*backshish!*" The hideous word had been rung in our ears since leaving Assouan, and when we were again saluted with it, on landing at the head of the Cataract, patience ceased to be a virtue. My friend took his cane and I the stick of my donkey-driver, and since the naked pests dared not approach near enough to get the backshish, they finally ceased to demand it. The word is in every Nubian mouth, and the very boatmen and camel-drivers as they passed us said "*backshish*" instead of "good morning." As it was impossible to avoid hearing it, I used the word in the same way, and cordially greeted them with "*backshish.*" The other day, as we were walking on shore near Esneh, a company of laborers in a dourra-field began the cry. I responded, holding out my hand, whereupon one of the men pulled off his white cotton cap (his only garment) and offered it to me, saying, "If you are poor, take it." One would gladly give a handful of copper coins, if that would suffice, but it only makes the matter worse, and the best plan is to harden your face and shut your hand.

We walked down to the edge of the Cataract and climbed a rock, which commanded a view of the principal rapid. There is nothing like a fall, and the passage up and down is attended with no peril. The bed of the Nile is filled with granite masses, around which the swift current roars and foams, and I can imagine that the descent must be very exciting, though perhaps less so than that of the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. Boats are towed up, under the superintendence of one of the *rais*, or captains of the Cataract. There are four of these officers, with a body of about two hundred men. The fee varies from two to four hundred piastres, according to the size of the boat. One-third of the money is divided among the captains, and the remainder falls to the portion of the men. This also includes the descent, and travelers going to the Second Cataract and back pay half on returning. The entire fall of the river, for the distance of nearly a mile, does not exceed six feet.

On the following morning we visited the ancient granite quarries of Assouan. They lie in the hills, south of the town, and more than a mile from the river. I never saw a more magnificent bed of rock. Its color is a light red, flecked with green, and its grain is very fine and nearly as solid as porphyry. An obelisk, 100 feet long and 12 feet square at the base, still lies in the quarry, having been abandoned on account of a slight fissure near its summit. Grooves were afterward cut, for the purpose of separating it into blocks, but for some reason or other the design was not carried out. In many parts of the quarry the method employed by the Egyptians to detach the enormous masses, is plainly to be seen. A shallow groove was first sunk along the line of fracture, after which mortices about three inches wide and four deep were cut at short intervals, for the purpose of receiving wooden wedges. These having been driven firmly into their sockets, were saturated with water, and by their expansion forced the solid grain asunder.

We rode back to the *Cleopatra* with heavy hearts. Everything had been prepared for our departure, my friend for Cairo and Germany and I for the Nubian Desert and the White Nile. Achmet had transferred my equipage to the shore, sent for camels to transport it around the Cataract, and the rais of my new boat was waiting for the American flag. It was run down and the Saxe-Coburg colors—green and white—hoisted in its stead. We had a parting visit from the Governor, who gave me another letter to Korosko, and we then sat down to a breakfast for which we had no appetite. The camels were loaded and sent off in advance, under Ali's charge, but I waited until every man was on board the good old vessel and ready to push off for Cairo. The large main-sail was unshipped and laid over the cabin, and the stern-sail, only to be used when the south-wind blows, hoisted in its place. The tow-rope was wound up and stowed away and the large oars hung in the rowlocks. Finally, every sailor was at his post; the moment came, and we parted, as two men seldom part, who were strangers six weeks before. I goaded my donkey desperately over the sands, hurried the loading of my effects, and was speedily afloat on the Nubian Nile.

Those who do not go beyond Thebes are only half acquainted with the Nile. Above Esneh, it is no longer a broad, lazy current, watering endless fields of wheat and groves of palm, bounded in the distance by level lines of yellow mountain-walls. It is narrower, clearer and more rapid, and its valley, after the first scanty field of wheat or dourra, strikes the foot of broken and rocky ranges, through the gaps in which the winds of the Desert have spilled its sands. There is not the same pale, beautiful monotony of color, but the landscapes are full of striking contrasts, and strongly accented lights and shadows. Here, in Nubia, these characteristics are increased, and the Nile becomes a river of the North under a Southern sun. The mountains rise on either hand from the water's edge; piles of dark sandstone rock, sometimes a thousand feet in hight, where a blade of grass never grew, and every notch and jag on their crests, every fissure on their sides is revealed in an atmosphere so pure and crystalline, that nothing but one of our cloudless mid-winter days can equal it. Their hue near at hand is a glowing brown; in the distance an intense violet. On the western bank they are lower, and the sand of that vast Desert which stretches unbroken to the Atlantic has heaped itself over their shoulders and poured long drifts and rills even to the water. In color it is a tawny gold, almost approaching a salmon tint, and its glow at sunrise equals that of the snow-fields of the Alps.

The arable land is a mere hem, a few yards in breadth on either side of the river. It supports a few scattering date-palms, which are the principal dependence of the Nubians. The banks are planted with wheat, beans and a species of lupin, from which bread is made, and wherever a little shelf of soil is found along the base of the mountains, the creaking water-wheels turn day and night to give life to patches of dourra and cotton. In a rough shed, protected from the sun by palm-mats, a cow or buffalo walks a weary round, raising the water, which is conveyed in small channels, built of clay, to all the numerous beds into which the field is divided. These are filled, in regular succession, to the depth of two inches, and then left to stand till dried by the sun. The process is continued until the grain is nearly ripe. With all their labor, the inhabitants scarcely produce enough to support themselves, and the children are sent to Cairo at an early age, where they become house-servants, and like the Swiss and Savoyards, send home a portion of their earnings. This part of Nubia is inhabited by the Kenooz tribe, who speak a language or their own. They and their language are designated by the general name of *Barâbra* (nearly equivalent to "barbarians") by the Arabs. They are more stupid than the Egyptian Fellahs, but their character for truth and honesty is superior. In my walks on shore, I find them very friendly, and much less impudent than the Nubians about Assouan.

My little boat, the *Thuringia*, has been favored with good winds through the day, but we have made very little during the night. The *Cleopatra*, which outsailed every boat we met on the Nile and was decidedly the neatest and trimmest craft we saw, would have reached Korosko long before this time. Nevertheless, I shall get there to-night, in a little more than three days from Assouan. This part of Nubia is rich in Egyptian ruins, and the temples of Dabod, Kalabshee, Dendoor, Dakkeh and Sebooa have looked at me invitingly from the western bank. But I am now in no mood for seeing temples alone, and as I shall come down the Nile on my return journey, I have purposely left them unvisited.

KOROSKO, Saturday, Dec. 20, 1851.

I reached here last night at dusk, and soon afterward received a visit from the Governor, who brought me good news. A caravan has just arrived from Sennaar, and my camels will be in readiness to leave to-morrow morning. Six Cairene merchants start to-day for Khartoum, but as I shall travel with light loads, I shall probably pass them. My caravan will consist of six camels, including that of the guide. I have taken them to Dar Berber, beyond Abou Hammed, and about six days' journey from Khartoum. The entire distance is reckoned at 196 Arab hours, or about 600 miles, and with good luck I shall reach my destination in twenty days. I shall have to purchase several additional water-skins, since as far as Abou Hammed—eight or nine days—there is no water to be had. The only travelers who have left Korosko this year are Capt. Peel, son of Sir Robert Peel, who set out about fifty days ago, on his way to Sennaar and Abyssinia, and Dr. Knoblecher, the German Catholic Missionary, on his way to the Bari country, near the sources of the White Nile. It is only about twenty days since he left, and as he is obliged to wait in Khartoum for his boat, which was carried up the Second Cataract, at Wadi Halfa, and must follow the long windings of the Nile, I shall probably meet with him. I have now done with the Nile-boat and must take to the desert-ship for many days. But the same flag—perhaps the first on the Nubian Desert—shall wave over my tent, and remind me every morning and evening of many and dear friends who also claim it as their own.

I must trust this letter to the chances of the Arab post—a fast-trotting Nubian, who will tie it up in the corner of his shirt—as far as Assouan. It will be inclosed in an Arabic letter to the Governor, directing him to give it in charge of the first American going down the Nile, so I hope it will reach you in the course of time. For three months, and perhaps longer, there will be no other opportunity of giving you note of my wanderings.

D. T.

☞ Mr. JOHN S. DWIGHT, of Boston, is about to produce a book upon Mozart, based on the work of a distinguished Russian author, who is little known, either in France, England, or this country. It will be published in two volumes, by a house in this City. The first volume is occupied with the life of the great composer, and the second with criticisms upon his works.

GERMANY.

The Present Impossibility of War.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BERLIN, Monday, March 8, 1852.

Fear and hope still agitate Europe, and thus we are still living amid the revolution.

It is peculiar to organic and peaceful times that the harmony betwixt public institutions and the principles all believe in, gives no opportunity for the uncertainty of fear, and renders needless the suspense of hope. But where the old is unsatisfactory and the future undecided, these two passions hold men in restless oscillation.

The fire which the collision of fear and hope inflames in the soul of individuals, and which springs from the friction of opposing parties, begets that ardent atmosphere in which old institutions are consumed. And it gives birth to the illusions without which are impossible those far-reaching exertions of power requisite to the achievement of the destined end. But that end forever lies this side of these illusions.

The devastation which the excessive collision of fear and hope produces in the souls of individuals and of masses—the exhaustion which follows the vanishing of illusions, at last result in a passive state of the public. Then it is like a disciplined and docile horse, and with it, those in whom the active force of the revolution is finally concentrated, do just what they designed at the beginning, but hitherto had failed of.

Fear before the might of old authorities and institutions, which, in the movement of 1848, attended and rendered uncertain the hope of a new organization in all spheres of human affairs, has been changed, since the usurpation of December 2, into shame at a fate, for which, in so gross a form, the popular parties were not prepared. And that hope has been changed into the passive consolation that this result of the revolutionary movement cannot be its definite conclusion.

Fear before the revolutionary movement caused all the rulers of Europe to hail the stroke of December 2, as the most favorable event of the last four years, and as the definitive conclusion of the revolution. But the naked recklessness, which the Government of France has since then developed, presently filled them with alarm again, and with anxiety lest the true secret of their own power should be revealed. In the Medusa's head of that Government they beheld with terror the exaggerated type of their own authority—a type which they felt themselves incapable of reaching.

All the rulers of the Continent would fain act with the same recklessness as in France, against the press and against all political parties; but they lack the force and the coolness of calculation—reason enough for regarding the French event with suspicion—reason enough for the apprehension that it must embody energies they have not yet perceived, which may at last direct themselves against the security and the possessions of these royal spectators.

And the hero of the usurpation? Does he clearly understand his destination and his own aims? Does he share the lot of revolutionary heroes? Is he subject to the necessity by which they are always overruled? Does he, too, draw from mere illusions his only power of reaching an end far inferior to those illusions?

He aims at the Imperial throne. This is indisputable.

As to one side of imperialism he is perfectly clear. Just as his uncle closed one revolution by leveling all parties and subjecting them to a dictatorship, so he reduces France to a blank monotony which no difference of parties interrupts. Himself, the revolutionary source and representative of the usurpation, he makes the sole authority in France.

But the other side of his uncle's imperialism, war against Europe, the revolutionary propoganda against patriarchal monarchy,—does not that also lie in his intentions?

Certainly. He even takes care that his purpose shall be no secret, though at the same time, in official declarations, he assures the other powers that he intends nothing more than the pacification of France and the suppression of its parties.

But he, too—this cold, passionless calculator—cherishes and industriously maintains an illusion. The universal European armaments,—from Russia to England,—the immense military apparatus which all Europe now keeps ready, and which is as great as at the time of Napoleon's wars, is called into existence by an illusion, since the powers regard it as necessary on account of the present imminent danger of war. In short, Europe still lives in revolution, because it is borne hither and thither by illusions which compel extraordinary sacrifices of its material means, and distract its attention from all the arts and researches of peace.

In future letters I will expose and explain these illusions. For the present let me state a few reasons against the idea of an approaching war.

At the present hour the revolutionary movement is spread far and wide through all Western Europe. In some countries it appears as the strife of classes with classes; in others as the strife of nations with nations. In the presence of this movement Governments can have but one object—the preservation of tranquillity, the maintenance of repose. Even this they can only accomplish in a precarious way. They can keep but a provisional peace. Thus their own existence is proportionally precarious and provisional, and so much the less can they venture upon great enterprises abroad.

The French revolution of 1789 was aggressive. It had a right to be such, because it contended for ideas that five centuries had elaborated. The Girondist party, which especially cherished this tendency of the revolution, had a right to call France to arms against feudal Europe because it was in France that those ideas had received their final political and popular elaboration.

But where is now the people which possesses ideas that belong to it alone, that are the product of its own peculiar toil and experience, that have the ripeness of maturity, and that give it an apparent right to think of conquering other nations?

One of the weightiest facts, which the revolution of 1848 has established, is that France has renounced all thoughts of supremacy. She no longer aims at controlling influence in Italy and Germany. She leagued with the other powers in 1848-9 only to hinder alterations in the German Federation, in Italy, and in the relation of Schleswig-Holstein to Germany and Denmark. She is too seriously occupied with her own dissolution and her own decay to conceive any earnest schemes of foreign subjugation.

It is true—as was last year demonstrated in England—that parties may succeed in exciting a considerable portion of the population of a country to menaces against other powers, as, in the example referred to, against Austria or Russia, but after all, it amounts to nothing but a demonstration. If the matter should go so far as to demand actual sacrifices, the radical indifference of the public, and the absence of all desire on its part for a total change in foreign policy, would at once be manifested.

Even in the utopias of universal peace there is a vague premonition and feeling of the fundamental tendency of the age, although they pervert it into the chimerical and fantastic.

The vast military establishments at this moment maintained in all Europe have no other end than the maintenance of internal quiet. The greater the might and the hotter the dissolving fermentation of the revolution, the greater the military establishments. With the growth of revolutionary disquiet and dissolution, armies will be enlarged. The revolution has its provisional stage, with all the weaknesses and errors of the same, and the more completely it is in that stage, the more is it necessary that the military force should protect the development of the future against the immature attempts of the moment.

The governments have not yet the courage openly to confess this object of the military force. Indeed they do not yet altogether understand it. Like political parties, they are yet burdened with obsolete notions, and so justify the increase of their armies by referring to the danger of war. Just as little do they confess, just as imperfectly do they understand that they themselves exist only to repress unripe attempts, and are utterly incapable of creating anything new and organic.

The soldiery also believe themselves destined to make foreign wars, to conquer and to win back the lost. But the reality is superior to all illusions.

Modern military force has in its very nature a revolutionary origin, and, so to say, a judicial function. It was created to act against spiritual power and feudal sovereignty, that is to say against *effete* organizations. So, at the present moment, it acts against revolutionary movements that contain within themselves nothing organic, and therefore have no right to endure, that is to say, against *unripe* organizations.

For the present moment, then, there can be no war—at least no such war as governments and parties imagine. What kind of war alone is possible I will endeavor to show hereafter.

BRUNO BAUER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BLEAK HOUSE. By CHARLES DICKENS. No. I. Harper & Brothers.

This story opens in the thickest of London fogs, with a succession of short, rattling sentences, like the fire of infantry at a country "muster," descriptive of the forlornest of forlorn implacable November weather. The day is invented as an emblem of the great legal obfuscation, he English Court of Chancery. "The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest near that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate ornament for the threshold of a leaden-headed old Corporation—Temple Bar. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery. Never can there come fog too thick, never can there come mud and mire too deep, to assort with the grouping and floundering condition which this High Court of Chancery, most pestilent of hoary sinners, holds this day in the sight of Heaven and earth." Such is the grim showing of teeth before the envenomed bite which Dickens is preparing to inflict on one of the "glorious institutions" of "merry England." In this number we have a rapid sketch of some of the characters, who are evidently to figure largely in the plot, with one or two racy descriptions quite in the old Dickens vein. Sir Leicester Dedlock and Lady Dedlock, and Mr. Tulkington, an old Chancery lawyer, are brought upon the scene with rich dramatic effect in the second chapter. The number closes with the establishment of Ada Clare, a young ward in Chancery, and her companion, Esther Summerson, in the household of one Mrs. Jellyby, a "telescopic philanthropist," whose domestic arrangements are hit off in one or two killing sarcastic touches. There we leave them for the present, while we impatiently await further disclosures.

☞ "IXION, and OTHER POEMS," by HARVEY HUBBARD. (12mo. pp. 165. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.) A collection of fugitive poems, of which many possess more than ordinary merit. The longest piece in the volume, entitled "Irad, or the Doom of the Deluge," presents a vivid picture of a misanthrope, who saddened by the vices of the world, and personal disappointment, looks for release to the impending catastrophe. In several of the smaller poems, we find a meditative, pathetic vein, often happily relieved by smiling sketches of nature. The whole volume shows a poetic spirit, but one too much under the influence of the great English masters of verse, for striking originality. The author has no doubt profited by his admiration of Byron, Bryant and Longfellow, and perhaps Mrs. Hemans, but with increased trust in his own powers, he would produce a better volume. His versification is too much labored, and is often incorrect. The name "Ixion," which is used on several occasions, is uniformly "curtailed of its fair proportions" to suit the measure.

☞ "ESSAYS FROM THE LONDON TIMES." (Appleton's Popular Library.) These brilliant specimens of journalism are entitled to a longer date than that of the ephemeral columns of a newspaper. The subjects which they discuss are for the most part of permanent literary interest. Among them, we find "Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton," "Louis Philippe and his Family," "Robert Southey," "Dean Swift and his Amours," "Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey," "John Keats," and others almost equally attractive. For style, these essays are pointed, epigrammatic, and suggestive—evidently written for effect, though not often at the sacrifice of good taste or sound reasoning. They make a capital volume to read on a journey.

☞ "DARIEN: OR THE MERCHANT PRINCE," by ELIOT WARBURTON. (8vo. pp. 140. Harper & Brothers.) This novel has a melancholy interest, as the last production of its gifted author, who perished in the recent burning of the Amazon. Its sketches of life and scenery in Spanish America are minute and vivid. Among other passages of powerful description, is a narrative of a fire at sea, which it would seem, prefigured the sad fate of the writer.

☞ "BLACKWOOD," for March, has more than its usual variety of popular articles, including a pleasant, gossipping notice of Miss Mitford's *Recollections*, and a graphic portraiture of emigrant life in Canada, abstracted from Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush." The political speculations in this number exhibit the old aristocratic colors. (L. Scott & Co.)

☞ "THE YELLOW-PLUSH PAPERS," by W. M. THACKERAY, forms one of the volumes of "Appleton's Popular Library." Its dry wit has an irresistible sting. The force of bad spelling can no further go than in its exquisitely caricatured cacography.

☞ "THE BOOK OF BALLADS," edited by BON GUALTIER. A neat edition of these clever parodies is issued by Redfield. There is plenty of fun in the illustrations, more than in the poetry, which, with all its attempts at wit, is often a dead failure.

☞ "KOSSUTH AND HIS GENERALS," with Introduction by H. J. Raymond, noticed in Saturday's *Tribune*, is published by *Phinney & Co., Buffalo*. It was erroneously credited to a fancy firm by our compositor.

☞ "THE WAY TO DO GOOD," by JACOB ABBOTT. An enlarged and improved edition of this widely-circulated work, completing Jacob Abbott's Young Christian Series," is issued by Harper & Brothers. (12mo. pp. 402.)

By Telegraph to the New-York Tribune.

The Suffolk Bank Defalcation.

BOSTON, Tuesday, March 30, 18[illegible]

Ten o'clock this morning was assigned for the further examination of Brewer, the Receiving Teller of the Suffolk Bank. The Police Court room was crowded, but by the agreement of counsel the case was further postponed until Thursday.

The current rumor this morning is that the defalcations discovered now amount to $90,000, but nothing definite is known.

The accounts with the County Banks are being investigated, and will occupy till Friday.

PHILADELPHIA.

Methodist Conference—Deaths.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, March 29, 1852.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church reassembled this morning at 9 o'clock. The Bishop presiding laid before the Conference the following list of persons who were yesterday ordained as Deacons in the M. E. Church, in order that they might be entered on the journal, viz: John F. Boon, Reuben Owen, Frederick Tillman, John H. Alday, John B. Quigg, James Hubbard, George W. Brindle, Lewis C. Pettit, A. H. Lightman, William S. Wood, John J. Jones, Geo. Russell, Christian Stanger, William Umbhleby, Benjamin Hubbert, Peter Y. Calder, Ebenezer Barelis, Thomas M. Miles, James Sherry, and Geo W. Covington. James G. Manlove and James Williams, colored preachers, were also at the same time ordained as Deacons.

The Bishop also presented the following list of persons ordained yesterday as elders, and directed that they be entered upon the minutes, viz: Wm. H. Brisbane, Alfred Cookman, Henry F. Hurn, Charles J. Themeson, Enoch Dickerson, Adam Wallace, Wm. B. Walton, Wm. Major, John Hough, Curtis F. Turner, Samuel R. Gillingham, Jeremiah Pastersfield, George W. Germon, Charles W. Jackson, and Benj. R. Wiler.

The Conference resumed its regular business, and the 8th question coming up—"Who are the superannuated preachers?"—the Rev. Messrs George Wiltshire, James White, and M. Soran were examined, and their relations continued.

The matter of the appeal of Wm. Hazzard, a local preacher of the Georgetown Circuit, Snow Hill District, from the decision of the Quarterly Conference, held in June, 1851, and which had been referred back by the last Annual Conference for adjudication, was then taken up, and the Rev. Mr. Cunningham appointed to represent the Circuit in the case.

The Presiding Bishop then explained the forms to be observed in the case, after which Mr. Hazzard stated the grounds of his appeal from the decision of the Quarterly Conference, and the testimony in the case was read in detail by the Secretary.

The reading of the testimony and documents occupied much time, and without being concluded, was laid aside.

The following is the letter of sympathy addressed to Bishop Hedding, in pursuance of the resolution of the Conference, on Friday:

PHILA. ANNUAL CONFERENCE, March 26, 1852.

To Rev. Bishop Hedding—Venerable and Dear Brother: Bishop Janes was pleased to read to us assembled in Conference this morning some passages in a letter from Brother Vincent, touching your present sufferings, joys and prospects. We heard the letter with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. The whole Conference and a large audience were touched even to tears. We were sad at learning your great bodily affliction and the probability that you would leave us as a church on earth to join the church in Heaven before we could assemble again in an Annual Session, but we rejoiced and gave thanks to God that he giveth you such great confidence in his mercy, such a deep sense of his pardoning, chastising and sanctifying love, and such sure hope of Heaven.

When our feeling subsided some what, the Conference charged us, as a committee in their behalf and in their name, to express to you our lively sympathy with you, and to say that we participate in all your afflictions and joys; and that we never cease to pray for you that God may continue to vouchsafe to you His abundant mercy to the end of your life, and that He may have mercy on us and our beloved church, and make your example a blessing to us long after you are removed hence. In the name of the Conference, dear and venerable Brother and Father, we salute your spirit in peace in Christ Jesus, and pray that God may not suffer you in your last moments to allow any pains of death to cause you to fall from your steadfastness in the love of God in Christ Jesus. Which may God grant for His infinite mercy's sake. Amen.

J. P. DURBIN, G. T. HAZZARD, WM. BARNS, Committee.

John Haviland, Esq., the eminent architect, and the originator of the celebrated Pennsylvania system of prison discipline, died yesterday. He was engaged in reading, when he fell from his chair in a paralytic fit and died in the course of a few hours. He was a gentleman much respected both in this country and Europe, where his talents had gained him many honors.

I have also to record the death of Dr. William E. Grant, Prof. of Anatomy in the Pennsylvania Medical College, which took place yesterday, in the 41st year of his age.

Royal Decree.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, March 25, 1852.

The subjoined Decree of the Government of Spain, communicated to this Department by the Department of State, is published for the information of the Ship-masters of the United States and others interested.

"B." LEGATION OF UNITED STATES AT MADRID.

[Translation from official copy.]

FIRST DEPARTMENT OF THE OFFICE OF STATE.

ROYAL DECREE:

Conforming myself to what has been proposed by my Minister of Finance in agreement with the Council of Ministers, I assent to and decree the following:

Art. 1st. In the Peninsula and Islands adjacent there shall be put upon the same footing of Spanish vessels in the exaction of navigation and port duties; or, and that to say, for those of lighthouses, anchorage, and of loading and unloading cargo, established in the law of the eleven of April, 1849, and in my royal decree of the sixteenth December last, the vessels of all nations, who may cede a like benefit in their respective territories to the vessels of the Spanish marine.

Art. 2d. The Government will give account of this order to the Cortes.

Given at the Palace, on the third of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two. It is signed by the Royal Hand. The Minister of Finance.

JUAN BRAVO MURILLO.

The copy is correct. Translation correct.

"Watching the Progress of Events."

We take from *The London Times* the concluding passage of a review of Mr. Roebuck's "History of the Whig Ministry," as containing a kernel of most valuable truth. Lamartine, in the crisis of '48—in his few moments of greatness—said in effect the same thing. "Why wreck the State upon political principles when facts stare you in the face?"

In enabling his readers thus to watch the gradual progress of events in England, Mr Roebuck will have conferred upon them an obligation which the proudest is not too lofty to disregard. When Sir Robert submitted to the House of Commons that measure of Roman Catholic emancipation which he had long and fatally delayed, he heralded his announcement of change with a brief but remarkable confession—"*I have watched the progress of events.*" When the Duke of Wellington subsequently recommended the House of Peers silently to acquiesce in the Reform enactment, which up to that hour he had obstinately resisted, he also had "watched the progress of events." When still later, Sir Robert Peel, for a second time, sacrificed power, friendship, and the associations dear to a public man, in order to achieve what he at least believed to be a general good, he justified his act upon the ground that he had "watched the progress of events." The language, simple as it is, explains the sole terms upon which power henceforward can be held in England. He who has failed to watch the progress of events may enjoy a dignified seclusion, but he will never feel the glow of pride and satisfaction that accompanies the sense of public usefulness. He who lingers in the rear of his time, fondling his theory like some poor lunatic in his cage, while the world is marching on healthful and active, may win the commiseration, but will not have the confidence of his fellows. To be abreast of the age is the first condition of public service. He who does not feel, if Sir Robert Peel were still among us, that the eye of the country, as of one man, would be fixed at this moment anxiously and intently upon that lamented statesman as the pilot to whose hand the ship of the Commonwealth must be confided in the hour of coming storm! And who is ignorant that the universal confidence would be founded on the simple fact that—throughout almost every phase of his life, through evil report and good report, in office and out of office, he had never once lost sight of the necessities of the nation or failed to "watch the progress of events?"

☞ At Providence, R. I., on Saturday, a fire broke out in the carpenter's shop of Wm. F. Davenport, on Well-st., which, with most of its contents, was entirely destroyed. The fire communicated to the shop occupied by W. C. Millerd & Co., cabinet makers, and John H. Millerd, painter, on the corner of Well and William sts.; also to the carpenter's shop of Sweet & Carpenter, on Benefit-st., and to the shop of John G. Hopkins & Son, cabinet-makers, on Benefit-st., which were all destroyed together with a considerable quantity of lumber which was in the lots adjoining. Most of the tools were saved. Mr. Davenport's loss was about $700—insured for $500. W. C. Millerd & Co.'s loss about $2,500—insured for $1,000. Sweet & Carpenter's insured for $2,850,—loss about $3,800. John G. Hopkins & Son's loss about $850—insured for $500.

☞ Twenty-two colored persons, residing in New-Jersey, have applied to the American Colonization Society for a passage to Liberia. It is expected that they will go out in the Society's vessel, which is to sail from Baltimore May 1. This will require the whole of the State appropriation for the present year ($1,000) to pay the expenses of the company. Other companies are preparing to emigrate.